



"THE
HARVEST
INDEED
IS
GREAT,
BUT
THE
LABORERS
ARE
FEW.

"PRAY
YE
THEREFORE



THE
LORD
OF
THE
HARVEST,
THAT
HE
SEND
LABORERS
INTO
HIS
HARVEST."

St. Luke x-2

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa

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::

NEW JERSEY

The Messenger of Our Lady of Africa



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Dear Reverend Mother:

I am indeed pleased to recommend most heartily the Apostolic work of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. You are laboring in your own quiet way, and in accordance with the wishes of our Holy Father, Pius XI, gloriously reigning, solely that Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may be better known and better loved by those for whom he gave His life on the Cross that all men might have life, and have it more abundantly.

Any assistance given you will be rewarded by the Saviour Himself, who has promised: "Whosoever shall give a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." I am sure such a labor of love needs no further commendation to the good priests and faithful people of the Diocese of Trenton.

Wishing you every blessing in your noble work, I beg to remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ.

+ MOSES E. KILEY,

Bishop of Trenton.

July 24, 1934.

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For Information apply to Rev. Mother Superior, 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

Happy New Year

Maria's Letter To Her Benefactors

Dear Benefactors,

We have often been told that in your country, it is the custom to offer New Year's greetings to your friends.

I would like to do so also, but you know, it is not an easy task for me, poor little African from the bush.

However, after thinking, the idea came, that what makes us happy here at home, should also make you happy, therefore I shall wish you all we desire in our village.

The Sisters, our Mothers, have taught us, who knew nothing, that God loves and watches over us and that He sent them to teach us the way to Heaven.... They tell us that you who are far away, are very interested in us and help them in their daily task.

In the name of all those of our country, I want, first of all, to thank you sincerely for this great deed; we were so unhappy before! We wish you to love God daily more and more since this is real happiness.

Ever since the Missionaries have come, there are no longer so many disputes and quarrels in our tribes, for this we are very grateful.... How sad it is when war is raging and nowadays we are hearing the stories about our brothers in Ethiopia, we pity them greatly.

We sincerely wish that peace will always reign in your country.

I wish to tell you also the great joy you gave us on Christmas Day, by filling the little Christmas stockings, therefore giving us a piece of bread.... Very often we have no bread, and our Mothers, the Sisters have not enough to give to so many children.... It is very trying to go to bed without eating!... And has not our dear Jesus promised a reward to those who give to the poor??

We wish that you never will be in want of your daily bread and we ask God to reward you for all Charity given to us. Every evening, we ask Him to bless and keep you in good health....

I doubt if my letter resembles the ones you send to your friends way over there, but we can only wish to those we love, what we ourselves desire, and we little Africans, thought that the love of God, peace, daily bread and health were sufficient to make the New Year happy, whilst waiting for our heavenly reward.

These are our wishes for this year 1936 and many more, asking God to protect and thank you for us.

I, Maria.
(Your little adopted girl)

The Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa wish to join little Maria to express their greetings to all their Benefactors and Readers.

May this New Year bring God's choicest blessings on each and all of you and may He reward you for your generosity.



HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

Our hope is that you will not abandon the Missions you have already helped and that you will continue in the future your kind co-operation by your prayers and sacrifices.

THE EDITOR.

A Winter Night in Kabylia

NIGHT is falling. The children have left the Mission house and are hurrying home, to the warmth of a wood fire and the supper of hot meal cakes, broth and couscous.



Kabyle Children

In each little house with its roof of tiles or beaten clay, often overgrown with moss, the family is seated on the ground, around the "Kanoun", a hole in the earth in which the fire is burning; a few olive stones thrown in now and then raise a blue flame. Two clay pots, one set on the other, rest on three stones; they hold the broth and the couscous. The room is full of smoke but no one seems to mind and

the conversation is animated.

Outside, it is cold and snow is falling heavily. The narrow lanes are empty. No one who has a home would be out of doors to-night. And yet someone is wandering about in the falling darkness, a tall figure wrapped in a burnous; it is an Arab, begging from door to door. He has tried every house in the Moslem village; through the half-opened doors he has had a glimpse of a comforting fire in the hearth; a hand quickly withdrawn, places a small offering in his palm and the door closes. No one offers him shelter — the houses are so small that there is barely room for the family. He will have to sleep in the "djama", a kind of mosque, a sanctuary for wanderers. Perhaps he will find a piece of matting, he asks for no better bed for himself, but he is not alone. He is carrying a little boy on his back, his son, no doubt, and the child is young and frail.

He has passed by the Mission, he dares not knock at that big house, and now the village has a different aspect: the streets are more regular, cleaner, some are paved and on every door there is a mysterious sign, (a colored metal plaque representing the Sacred Heart which the Christians place on their doors) which he has never seen before. He knocks and begs plaintively: "A thin Rebbi, Imoumenin!" ("God's alms, O! Believers!") A Christian Kabyle home . . . a smoky lamp and the flame from the hearth give the only light and yet, as it flickers fitfully over the walls of baked clay, a crucifix is visible, a rosary and many holy pictures around which designs in bright colors have been painted on the wall to form a frame for each.

Three generations are seated around the hearth. The grandmother is turning a small grindstone to crush the grain for tomorrow's bread and she is humming a lullaby for her little grandson who is stretched beside her with his head in her lap. The others are talking and the name of God and the Blessed Virgin recur frequently in their conversation as they give thanks for blessings received or pray

for future favors . . . Two little girls of thirteen and fourteen years are singing a Christmas hymn which they have learned at the Mission . . .

They are startled by a knock at the door and when one of the little girls opens it they hear the beggar's voice: "A thin Rebbi, Imoumenin!" The Arab stands outside and the girl sees that he is carrying a child. Poor little fellow, out in the snow! "Where is his mother?" she asks. "Matet" (dead) is the answer and she understands although Arabic is not her language. "Why do you carry him from door to door? He must be cold. Where will he spend the night?" The Arab only shakes his head helplessly. The girl is only a child, but she thinks this may be an opportunity of saving a soul: "Give him to me," she says, "he is very weak, I shall wrap him up warmly and give him some food; he can sleep here and to-morrow you can come back for him." She takes the child in her arms and the father goes off, calling down the blessings of Allah on her head.

Little Marie calls her sister from the house into the courtyard: "Quickly Marguerite, I think the child is dying; fetch some clean water, not too cold, he is so cold already; we will baptize him immediately" "You, Jean, will be the choir boy and Marguerite the god-mother and we shall name him Jean, to please you, little brother."

Jean takes off his red chechia and joining his hands stands reverently by. Marguerite has tears in her eyes and Marie gently pours the water on the baby's brow, slowly pronouncing the words of Baptism. The Kabyle roof will shelter another little angel this night.

Then they slide in through the half-open door. "Who is this child?" asks her father. And Marie, the little Kabyle girl, whose motherly instinct has early been awakened by her care for her own brothers and sisters, tells what has happened, as she seats herself beside the fire with her precious charge. "You have done well" says the master of the house, a tall stern man whose flashing eyes have learned to look with pity on the sorrows of his fellowmen since the day when he became a follower of Christ. "We must be kind to the poor," he says "and do what we can for their bodies and their souls. This child is not of our race but Jesus died for him as well as for us." (The Arabs are hereditary enemies of the Kabyles but Christianity is wiping out this enmity.)

The whole family wants to do something for the child. One brings him a thick plate filled with hot couscous. He looks at it hungrily but he is afraid to eat. He picks up a few crumbs from the floor and puts them in his mouth. Then Marie has an inspiration, she pours the couscous on the ground and the little boy eats it.

Then he is put to bed on a mat beside the fire; Marie lies close to him and shares her covers with him.

In the morning the father returned. He found his little son happy and rested: dressed in a worn but clean gandoura, the gift of his benefactors who, al-

though poor themselves, knew that they were no poorer for giving in God's name.

The morning was clear and the sun was shining on the snow-clad summits of the Djurjura. The Arab took his child and set out with a lighter heart, thanking the Kabyle family for the kindness they had shown him.

"Come back some day and give us news of your son." They told him.

And the following winter he did come back — but he was alone. The little boy had gone to Heaven, which had been opened to him by a little Kabyle in the Berber mountains.

Sister M. St. Gabriel.

Echoes of Africa

Oushirombo: The following took place in one of the large natives' stores of the Mission. A square hut, on the walls of which are hung a few pieces of bright colored calicos; boxes on the floor; soap, knives, thread, etc.

The merchant is sitting, quietly, smoking his pipe.

A European customer, who, taken unawares, is in dire need of an umbrella.

Merchant: "How do you do, what do you want?"

—"I want to buy an umbrella. Have you any on hand?"

—"Yes, good ones, believe me, and reasonable."

—"How much are they?"

—"Fifty cents. See how well they open and close!"

—"Is the color fast?"

—"It is guaranteed; give me news of it later. My stock comes directly from Dares-salem."

—"O. K., here is the money."

—"Call again."



Kabyle Family

A few weeks later, same persons:

The customer: "My umbrella is not good, you have deceived me."

The irritated merchant: "I? I sell only good stock."

—"You told me the colors were fast."

—"Yes, and what?"

—"It fades very much!"

—"It is astonishing, I never had complaints before."

The merchant was silent and perplexed. Then seeing dark spots on the customer's white suit, an idea came to him.

—"Haven't you been out in the rain with it?"

—"Of course, it being an umbrella!"

—"Ah! I understand now, you should not have done so . . . or at least you should have told me . . . it is an umbrella . . . for the sun only."

Sr. St. Egide.

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THE date having been fixed, the ancients of the village assemble to decide on the price to be paid for the girl and, as every conference calls for a bout of drinking, the young man must provide the liquor. It would be useless for him to refuse;



Gekouyou Homes

the girl's family may ask for more and more of the beverage, they must be satisfied. Circumstances determine the amount of liquor which is drunk.

Sometimes the delegates begin the sitting by drinking; they are thirsty — they have come a long way — it is a hot day — the "njoye" must be sampled. What happens then? When the jars are empty the old men can only talk incoherently and stagger away. Nothing has been done, they must be called together in council another day. Thus it is more prudent to produce the liquor when the conference is over.

Seated in a circle on the ground the council must make "kunera mete" that is to say to calculate by means of sticks. They lay these little sticks side by side and count with them.

The price of a woman varies between 40 and 90 sheep. The young man counts the sticks and removes a number of them equal to the number of sheep given in advance payment and he then proclaims how many more he owes, the number being represented by the remaining sticks.

If he deems the price too high, he may be granted a reduction of from five to ten sheep or those he has given will be returned to him.

These matrimonial negotiations are sometimes very lengthy, but the young man can do nothing to hurry the course of events; he is absolutely at the mercy of the girl's parents in whose interest it is to retard the marriage. In the meantime, an epidemic may destroy the sheep, in which case the youth must replace every sheep found missing before the marriage. He learns of such an occurrence by receiving the dead body of the animal.

But all this is nothing to what the suitor must endure if his chosen wife be an orphan. Not only must he satisfy the demands of her legitimate guardian, but brothers, uncles and even distant connections will claim payment of a debt bequeathed to them by their dead relatives, even their grandparents.

As one might suppose, the young man is not rich enough to meet all these payments before his marriage. He offers to pay off his debts little by little; this is agreed to and the pair are betrothed.

Do not think the least part of his debt will be remitted to him . . . It will go down to posterity intact, to the third generation, perhaps longer, without the creditors having to consult any written reminder of it.

To protect the Christian children from the possibility of their being adopted by heathen parents, if they should lose their own, it is absolutely necessary that the parties to a marriage should be entirely clear of the debts entailed by this contract, before the wedding takes place.

Experience has taught the Missionaries the necessity of insisting on this "sine qua non" condition before joining two persons in matrimony.

In fact poor Christian orphans have been claimed by their mother's just as a piece of furniture might be, in payment of a debt which had not been entirely settled.

The suitor has now produced the dowry. That surely is enough. But no, what about presents? He must provide a sheep to treat the matrons of the family. The father also must have three or four fat sheep for a feast. Surely that is enough to satisfy the greed of this grasping family. No, here comes the mother, or the mistress of the house where the young girl has lived since her childhood. She presents her bill, a broken calabash, a broken "kenia", a knife left in the fields and perhaps stolen, a leather strap lost in the market place, a torn "kiondo".

The young man has his choice of repaying these losses either in goods or in money. But pay, he must or there will be noisy scenes at his wedding, endless bickerings or even spells cast on the young couple by a wizard of the tribe.

When three-quarters of the dowry has been paid, the young girl enters upon part of her duties before the marriage ceremony has been performed. She begins to cook for her betrothed. Not every day, but now and then she carries to his house or to the fields some dish which she has prepared. In this manner the suitor can judge of the culinary talents of his future bride.

At last the pair are married — the ceremony consisting simply in the carrying off of the bride — although she is perfectly aware of what is going to happen she pretends to be surprised. In fact it is the parents who arrange the abduction with the young man and to facilitate it send their daughter to the fountain or to the forest to cut wood on the day agreed upon.

While our heroine frolics about the wood, a group of young men suddenly surround her. She is captured notwithstanding her cries for help and the efforts of her companions to save her. Custom demands that she resist with every means in her power. She defends herself with tooth and nail.

She is carried to the new hut which has been built for the young couple. On the way she screams and weeps copiously. "Where are my parents?" she cries, "Where am I going? Who claims me as his own? How unfortunate I am! who will weep with me? . . . etc."

ekouyou

(continued)

The girl must be secluded during eight or ten days. In the native language this is called "a period of mourning."

A matron, the mother of one or the other of the young people prepares the meats for all and serves the girl in her seclusion.

When a Christian has obtained the necessary dispensation to choose a wife among the heathens, the girl is carried off in the manner described above, but she is brought to a good Christian family where she stays while she is being prepared for Baptism. She helps with the work and the mistress of the house who is proud of having been considered worthy of such a trust, guards her ward kindly and conscientiously. She is not cloistered but allowed to go and come as she wills. Her religious instruction begins immediately, the Sister in charge of her, giving several hours a day to this work according to the facility with which the girl learns her catechism.

When she is sufficiently prepared to receive Baptism the Missionary examines her and confers the Sacrament on her. She usually chooses as god-mother the mistress of the house in which she has been living since her abduction.

ble to borrow clothes, he will be dressed from head to foot like a European. It is very difficult for them to walk with shoes. Some will go barefeet until the church door, others tired of walking with them will remove them before entering.

Now it is the bride who does not want to answer when the Missionary asks if she will marry X She turns her head, pouts, although she had promised the Sister the day before to answer all questions. A good Christian witnessing the scene, makes her bow her head, which is to affirm that she is happy to become Mrs. Arm in arm they return to their hut followed by their relatives, who sing hymns on the way.

The pagan girl is delighted to be asked in marriage by a Christian. She will have to pray, but she knows she will be better respected than by a pagan husband and she will have no rival in her household.

Motherhood is honoured in this tribe. The larger the family the happier the father and mother. The Gekouyou mother is really happy when she has a baby on her back and this little one will walk when the new comer arrives.

The woman has more freedom than in other tribes. She goes alone to the fields, fountains, and she may visit her friends. She will sow, gather the harvest,



A Gekouyou Family

THE FAMILY

The pagan bride-to-be has no special dress for the wedding. Our young men, who are gradually getting the idea of celebrating on their wedding-day, provide the bride's trousseau. The night preceding the wedding, they buy a bright colored dress, that, with a kerchief on her head will be the wedding gown. The groom will be well dressed. If possi-

take care of the animals, cut the wood, prepare the meals and beer for the feast days.

From her childhood she is accustomed to carry heavy loads, often a child is seated on the jug of water or load of wood. As you see the mistress is always kept busy; being bought by her husband she is considered a slave. Work will be her happiness and she knows it.

(Continued on page 8)

The Gekouyou

(Continued)

The husband may ill-treat his wife even be the cause of her death, if the dowry has been paid the relatives have nothing to say.

A woman will never consent to become a Christ-



Returning from the Fountain

ian without her husband's permission. When she is old her sons will be kind to her.

At times after quarrels the woman escapes to her relatives, when she decides to return to her hut, she is accompanied by one of her parents, they bring home a lamb, according to the natives, that is to 'make peace'. If the husband is the cause of the quarrel, he will ask for her and send the lamb to her family.

The young Kekouyou mother receives the best of care; she will have less work to do and will never be beaten. At the child's birth, he is named after one of her grand parents. According to their custom the hut is never swept until the mother's purification. Of what does this consist? The woman comes out of her hut for the first time. After several ablutions, a neighbor cuts her hair, a special cut is given to the young mother. The baby receives his first bath.

Before the child's birth the father buys a lamb. It is to renew his wife's strength, meat is scarce and a luxury. If the mother and baby are well, they generally wait until the eighth day before the feast. The neighbors will come with the happy mother, on this occasion the women have the best of the meat. If the child is sickly the father will take care of him.

Our natives are very fond of their children. During famines they will deprive themselves to provide

food to the little ones. When a child is two or three years old his incisive teeth are extracted.

When a few weeks old, he is placed in a bag carried on his mother's back. A leather band makes the handle of the basket, wound around the mother's forehead. This bag is used for carrying all her heavy loads.

Negro Feasts. — We have said that meat is a rare delicacy for the natives. When the owner of a flock feels that his carnivorous appetite must be satisfied he kills a beast. It is a custom that he must invite his friends but he loses nothing by so doing. Each guest must bring a sheep or a goat. Some retired spot, a grotto or a cave is chosen for the scene of the feast so as not to be troubled by uninvited guests. Only the men and the male children are allowed to take part and the feast lasts four or five days during which time they stay in their dark retreat. The pot boils quietly, laid on these stones over a small fire and the meat is eaten as soon as it is cooked.

When the food has been digested, more is eaten and always meat. Each beast is shared by all. If one of the guests is troubled with the pangs of indigestion, he summons a friend to take his place, but the friend will then owe him so many meals of flesh food.

The Gekouyou call this "fattening themselves". The remains of the feast will be sent to the women.

Even the Christians indulge in these orgies of eating but, God be thanked, they cannot afford to do so frequently.

Notwithstanding the natives' love of meat, they will not touch an animal which has died of a disease and has been hung to a tree so that the owner, if he has been absent, will know on his return that he has not been robbed.

Household Utensils. — Now we shall tell you what a house-keeper must possess to carry out her duties efficiently.

The "kiondo" is a kind of bag which is woven of bark fiber which must first be chewed. The operation resembles that of making a crocheted bonnet, row upon row being added to the bag according to the size desired. A good housewife will have many of these of all sizes.

The kiondo serves as a cradle for the baby and is carried on the mother's back. It is also used to hold the grain at harvest and seeding time.

In the kiondo a woman sends her husband's food to him. In fact it is a useful container for many things, it is well made and strong.

The "kenia" replaces the bucket. It is a large gourd, shaped like the bag of bagpipes, which, emptied and dried, becomes as hard as wood. It is used to fetch and hold water. To have kenias one need only sow them in one's field. Cut in half from top to bottom the kenia makes two hollow vessels the stem serving as a handle. These are the "keyoli" which serve as plates and saucepans.

(To be continued)

And the Boy Said "Yes"

Charles J. Mullaly, S. J.

A morning train was slowly leaving the railroad station at Lourdes, France. Pilgrims returning home from our Lady's Shrine sat back with a sigh of relief that, after the busy morning schedule, they were now safe on the express. There had been an early rising, Holy Mass at the Grotto, a sermon, then the happiness of Holy Communion, a fervent thanksgiving, a final prayer to our Lady of Lourdes, with a rush to the hotel to pack valises and to take a collation of coffee and rolls before hurrying down through the quaint little town to the railroad station.

The train was moving faster and faster. The roofed station shed was far behind and the Pyrenees rose high and clear above the houses of the town. The narrow river Gave was now to the left below the tracks, and across the swiftly flowing water, the Esplanade would soon be seen, the Church of the Rosary, and the Basilica above the Grotto of the Apparition. Then there would be the last glimpse of the Grotto itself with its statue of our Lady, the burning candles, and devout worshippers on their knees before the little altar where a late Mass was being offered by a pilgrim priest.

Men and women stood in the corridors of the fast moving coaches to take a last look at Mary's Shrine. A boy ten years of age was there, waiting patiently for a parting view of the Grotto that had come in the past few days most dear to him. He was a manly lad, tall for his ten years of age, with large, serious blue eyes that watched expectantly the approaching bend in the river. Suddenly his face beamed with a smile of tenderness, his right hand flew to his lips and he threw a kiss to the Grotto now in full view. His eyes seemed to take on a radiant sweetness. He was utterly oblivious of those near him. His intent gaze was upon the Statue of Mary and his fingers pressed his lips with a fervent love and then swiftly and repeatedly were flung from him toward the statue of her whom he had long called his "Heavenly Mamma".

Few in the train corridor noticed the lad. Busy with their own acts of devotion they probably did not see the serious little face showing the yearning love of a soul purer than the snows that were visible on the higher ranges of the Pyrenees. Had they heard his voice, eager and low, they would not have understood the one repeated word escaping his lips and accompanying his kisses of love — "Yes, yes!" They would have thought it was an expression of simple piety. But there was a deep meaning in this boy's words, deeper than you or I could ever have guessed. It was a "Yes" that would have brought tears to our eyes. Even his own mother did not know that his "Yes" had a pathos so profound, a resignation so complete, a yearning love so vast that she, who thought she knew him, was at that moment as a stranger to her child.

When the Grotto had long since vanished from view and the pilgrims had returned to their seats, the boy stood gazing dreamily back at the receding mountains above Lourdes. Then he quietly returned to his mother's compartment and wistfully, gently asked:

"We shall soon come back to Lourdes, won't we, Mamma? Soon, Mamma?"

He laid his head against her shoulder. His large blue eyes took on a look of misty tenderness, mingled with sadness. He seemed to be dreaming; his thoughts were back to the Grotto. His Mother's arm slipped around him and she whispered:

"What was the secret our Lady told you yesterday and which made you so happy and then so quiet and sad?"

The dreamy eyes slowly came back to reality and a shyness stole upon the boy.

"A secret, Mamma dear, is for two, not for three. It is our Lady's secret with me. Some time you will know, but not now. It would make you sad, if you knew it."

Yesterday her boy had come back from the Grotto, his eyes radiant with excitement. The only answer her questioning could elicit was:

"It is a secret between our Lady and me."

"And what did you answer when she told you?"

"I answered: 'Yes, yes!'"

Like Mary, the Mother of Jesus, so the mother of this little boy "kept all these words in her heart". One day she was to learn that our Lady, in the silence of the Grotto of Lourdes, had spoken to little Guy de Fontgalland:

"My dear little Guy, I will soon come to take you. I will come to seek you on a Saturday, in the arms of your mamma, and will bear you straight to Heaven".

Three years before, this little Parisian boy had made his First Communion, and his dearest Friend, "Little Jesus", had revealed to him that He would take him to Heaven in the young years of his life. It had been a staggering secret for a child of seven to keep. No, he could not share it even with his mother, for that would make her sad; he could not tell it to teachers or to playmates. They would think that he was queer, mentally unbalanced. It must remain his own and he shared it only with "Little Jesus" and his "Heavenly Mamma Mary".

What had he answered when "Little Jesus" had spoken to him that day? Later his fond mother was to know that the revelation had come as a stunning shock to her gay-hearted child whose dream of the future was to be a priest and to invent his own airplane to fly to remote corners of the earth to teach men, women and children of many climes to love "Little Jesus". Though this secret from his Friend meant leaving "Daddy" and "Mamma" and his little brother, Mark, and required that he give up his ambition to be a priest, Guy de Fontgalland had bravely answered: "Yes!"

He is dead now and the world knows the story of a beautiful life. His mother, who had noted the remarkable change that had come upon her quick-tongued, lively boy after his First Communion, had greatly marvelled. Guy had become a member of the Eucharistic Crusade, or Third Degree of the League of the Sacred Heart for children. He was a fervent Associate and faithful to the practice of the "Morning Offering". His thoughts centered about the tabernacle that contained his Friend, and his heart beat with love for the Sacred Heart. From being boisterous and eager, he became quiet, more shy, careful of his words, ever trying to efface himself from notice. The mother wondered, but could not fathom the heart of her son. She did not know, did not suspect, her child's secret.

Generous love and tender consideration for his mother's happiness prompted Guy to hide his secret from her. This was no easy matter for a boy of seven years. The knowledge that he was going to die young caused him to value his classwork lightly, to be misunderstood at times, to be judged to be lazy. His thoughts were often far from school-work, and were drawing him to a closer union with "Little Jesus". But withal he was a vigorous, energetic lad and was the idol of his younger brother Mark, who followed him everywhere and even bluntly told him his faults.

Guy de Fontgalland was a boy's boy and no tender mollycoddle. He roamed the hillside and valleys in search for new specimens of insects. He eagerly studied Fabre's work on Entomology and knew it well. He had a flair for mechanical contrivance and, like any normal boy, rushed after the clanging apparatus of the Paris Fire Department; but he was obedient and would not go beyond the limits set him.

From his death we know the truth about his life. We have his own story told amid gasps of agonizing pain. His mother wrote down the words of her child's secret, hidden so bravely from her. Guy lay dying, an eleven-year-old lad, when he whispered that "Little Jesus" and his "Heavenly Mamma" had revealed that he would soon be gone from earth to Heaven. He explained to his weeping mother how hard it had been to hide



GUY de FONTGALLAND
on the day of his First Communion

And the Boy Said "Yes"

(Concluded)

from her the plans of God in regard to the future. He comforted her and told her he would send her from Heaven some crosses which she must accept, and then he assured her he would not die until Saturday, when his "Heavenly Mamma" would come to take him from her arms and to carry him to Heaven. She came on Saturday, January 24, 1925. He had received the last Sacraments and as his mother held him in her arms, his face suddenly beamed with a look that was not of earth. His Friend, "Little Jesus", and his "Heavenly Mamma", Mary, were near.



Guy on His Death-bed

With a supreme effort he threw out his arms and like a child about to be clasped to his mother's bosom, he uttered a cry of joy:

"Jesus . . . I love You! . . . Mamma."

His mother knew that his last endearing word was not for her but for Mary, the Mother of all children. With deep faith she had yielded her child into the arms of his Heavenly Mother.

The writer of this article was in Paris in October, 1925, and even then the story of this boy's life was on thousands of lips. I was there again in 1929, and by that time his name was known to all France and had gone beyond to many and distant places. Thousands of priests, nuns, and layfolk, both men and women, were praying to this little friend of "Little Jesus" and Mary, and were said to be obtaining through his intercession marvelous graces and bodily cures. Today increasing miracles are affirmed. Cardinals and Bishops in many lands have now become interested in the Cause of his beatification, that children may have a child saint as a model of those virtues that distinguished Guy de Fontgalland; that younger members of the League of the Sacred Heart may imitate the love of their fellow Associate for Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

Guy de Fontgalland was born in Paris, France, on November 30, 1919. His father was Count Pierre de Fontgalland, a zealous Catholic, descended from a noble line of ancestors devoted to France and to the Church. He was joined in Holy Matrimony to Marie Renée Mathevon, and Guy was their first born. The child was consecrated to our Lady and it was promised that he would wear for three years her colors blue and white. At his birth he was laid on a straw chair and afterward the boy was proud to know that his Friend, "Little Jesus", had allowed him to share the straw of the manger.

Like every real boy, he had periods of ambition to be a railroad engineer, or a fireman. Like every little boy, he became an infant terrible, blunt and frank in his remarks, which more than once embarrassed the family because of their truthfulness.

His mother's tender care had early turned his thoughts to Jesus and Mary. She had often said to him: "Do you know that 'Little Jesus' is in the hearts of good children?" At night, when prayers were said, he would come gently to her and request her to place her ear above his heart to see if the dear "Little Jesus" was with him! A Catholic mother can do much to teach her children to value the things of Heaven, and Countess de Fontgalland began early to inspire Guy with an earnest love for Christ and His Mother, to shun sin, ever to be truthful and obedient where obedience should be exacted, not to the changing, contradictory whims of a foolish parent but to what pertains to the child's spiritual and bodily welfare. Under his mother's

teaching he yearned for the day of his First Communion, learned the value of spiritual Communion, and gradually longed to be a priest and win souls for "Little Jesus".

He was a restless, eager youngster and easily won friends. He was devoted to his younger brother, Mark, and early thought it was incumbent on him to train him in the spiritual life. His youthful effort to teach his little brother how to examine his conscience often ended in Mark examining Guy's actions of the day.

"You broke my toy. You said 'silly' to the parlormaid. You struck me."

"Your toy! That was to see what was inside of it, and it isn't a sin to call Denise 'silly' because that's true. She is silly. Again, you deserved to be cuffed, because you stamped and pulled my hair."

But with his First Communion a great change came upon the restless boy. He grew thoughtful of others, kinder, practised little mortifications as a "Crusader", or junior member of the League, gave his small change so eagerly to the poor that he was usually penniless and only Mark's generosity helped him to obtain an often needed franc. Guy was now living in the future. God had whispered that He wanted him soon in Heaven and though the thought of leaving all he loved on earth brought at times a tinge of sadness, still he ever strove to be gay, to hide the special graces God was giving him, and to look forward to an ever closer union with the "Little Jesus" and his "Heavenly Mamma", until the time they would come to take him to his true home -- Heaven.

Even the excruciating suffering of his last days of life could not make him forget the greatness of the gift of the Blessed Sacrament.

"Now, Mamma, get the little table ready, with flowers and your pretty laces, and plenty of candles, and the crucifix blessed by the Pope. Nothing is too good for dear Little Jesus, who is coming to meet His little friend, Guy. Oh, I love Him! Tell Him that I love Him!"

Death was near when he faintly exclaimed, "How cold I am! When the cold reaches my heart, then I shall be with Little Jesus and His Mamma."

What a model for young and old is this boy of eleven and his brave answer "Yes" to the will of God! Would that we could hide our trials from those around us and learn the resignation, the heroic acts of Faith, Hope and Charity which he can teach us! Though we be older in years, how young and inexperienced are we compared with him when measured by his fervent, trustful love of Jesus and Mary. The boy who answered "Yes" to God can show us how to be children again and to pray that Jesus may ever be in our hearts. When Jesus and His sweet Mother whisper to us a message that calls for heroic love and resignation, for sacrifice and complete oblation, may we, like little Guy de Fontgalland, hear the Heavenly voices and bravely and generously answer -- "Yes"!

Acknowledgments to Guy de Fontgalland

Dayton, December 1st, 1935.

I promised little Guy de Fontgalland that if he would intercede for me for steady work, I would have it published.

Will you please find room for it, because I received what I asked for and I am most thankful. I thank you.

Yours truly,
Rose Ritty.

Ohio.

Please find room for thanksgiving for return to health, of a member of our household with pernicious anaemia, when given up to die; also a daughter who had a blood tumor. Through the intercession of Guy de Fontgalland, restored to health.

Thank you very much,
Respectfully yours,
C. M.

Several other special favors have been received through his intercession.

Relics, pictures and the life of the boy may be obtained at 319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, N. J.

Please send a stamped addressed envelope when requesting relics.

Wonderful Effects of Divine Grace

TO INTEREST our readers and to make known the progress of the missions we publish this article taken from the report sent in by his Excellency Bishop Class, Vicar Apostolic of RUANDA, Central Africa.

"This past year, has been a really busy one, for the apostolic laborers of this Vicariate; administering the Sacraments was a continual and strenuous work. How could it be otherwise, when throngs, with their Chiefs at their head come to us without any let up?

I have often tried to make the Missionaries understand, the necessity of not overworking themselves and to take a rest but they looked at me surprised almost scandalized as if to say:

"Well, Bishop, what shall we let up: parish work, catechism classes, the schools, . . . the missions?"

Then I was in a quandary and did not know what to answer. The administration of the sacraments and religious instructions, which they need for their spiritual welfare, how can we refuse them?

It is quite hard for the Superiors of our missions to attend to all parish work, besides the care which must be given to the catechumens and pagans, since the training of our Christians and the bringing of the non-baptized to our faith is becoming urgent, due to the active movement of heresy. And, to lead the mass, to strengthen and guide them, we need a few chosen ones to have lively faith, to be earnest and intelligent, and these select few, must they not be trained? Could we abandon our Catechumens? About 100,000 persons of all ages and ranks are waiting for Baptism, which they earnestly desire. Should we leave these souls to their own fate?

Must we close some of our parishes? We have about 800, each having at least 1,000 souls. If we could, many missions with thousands of prospective Christians waiting for the priest to give them Life could be started. In 1933 and 1934 we have received ten missionaries, (Fathers and Brothers); with a few native priests this has enabled us to open several new Missions.

In two years, our Christians have doubled in number, from 69,119 to 142,798. During this time, 6,727 old people have been baptized; 7,000 children along with their mothers; all this out of 30,125 Christian families. Is there not enough work for the priest both at church and at home? Let us note that out

of 32,084 children under the age of 7, only 962 went to their eternal reward."

* * * *

Let us listen to the Reverend Father Superior of Gabgaye, of our most fervent mission numbering 30,000 baptized, (children included) and a very large territory:

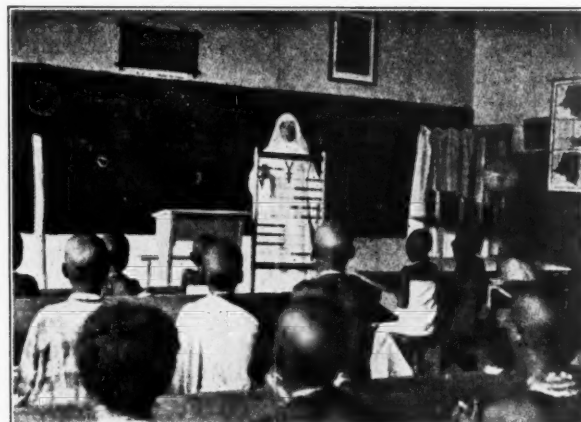
"We have given 530,000 communions during the year. Evidently some Christians receive frequently, but daily communicants are rare, because our people live quite a distance from the missions, and besides they have to work daily.

"Those who live 6 or 7 miles from church, receive every Sunday and once during the week. Those who are farther away, once a fortnight or monthly. Others only when we visit the chapels.

"We may have the largest ciborium in the world (about 12 in. in diameter) It holds 16,000 hosts; this generally lasts one week. On feast days we have from 10 to 13,000 communicants.

"We must say, that generally all the Christians receive as often as possible. There are none who do not communicate as often as they assist at Mass."

(From the African Missions of the White Fathers)



School in Central Africa

MOUGERA MISSION — The feasts, especially Christmas and Easter are days when the Christians in great numbers approach the Communion rail.

It is thus that at Christmas and the following days the novices had to provide twenty-three thousand hosts for the Mission of MOUGERA only.

The ciboriums in spite of their large dimensions could not suffice for those days. The Bishop gave to the priests permission to consecrate in a small basket made by the novices and lined with a corporal.

* * * *

KABGAYE — At Christmas time, the Mission of KABGAYE, Central Africa, had the pleasure of witnessing the baptism of three thousand catechumens, two thousand three hundred were adults.

[Turn Back to Page 5]

Any Subscriptions will be greatly appreciated by The White Sisters.

Acknowledgments

Amongst the kind benefactors who have helped us, we wish to mention our dear members of Our Lady of Africa Guild, Jersey City, who continue their most ardent zeal, the Catholic Daughters of New Brunswick, friends of Metuchen and Pennington, N. J.



Thanks for our "Daily Bread"

ADOPTIONS AS BIRTHDAY GIFTS TO TO THE INFANT JESUS:

Bishop McDonald, Memorial High School adoption of four negro babies.

St. Anthony's School, Brooklyn, N. Y., adoption of James and Maria Charles.

Miss Klimke, Pittsburgh, Pa., adoption of Marie Terese.

Mrs. Cristman, Chicago, Ill., adoption of Marie Agnes.

From Our Mail Bag

Blessed Sacrament School,
Detroit, Michigan.

My dear Sisters,

Our Sister in school gave us this little "stocking" to fill for your missions.

We were delighted to do something however small for this good cause; and only wish we were able to do more. We send this with our love and prayers, wishing you and all the Africans a Merry Christmas.

Betty O'Rourke,
for the 9th and 10th grades.

H, New Jersey.

Dear Mother,

Proud of her letter, Jean Garnett brought it to school to Sister E, our teacher. With Jean's permission, she read it to our class and showed us the stocking, which was to be filled. A few of the boys and girls would like to fill one, too. May I ask you to send seventeen stockings to the above address. Should we be unable to fill them to the top, Sister said you would be pleased with our efforts.

Not very long ago a Missionary Club was organized in our class. Our financial treasury is still small but we can make by our prayers donations to our spiritual treasury. This we shall place at the feet of the Sacred Heart asking Him to bless all missions and missionaries, which means Mother, that you are daily remembered by the Little Missionaries of the Sacred Heart.

per Catherine Murphy,
Secretary.

Pennsylvania.

Dear Sister,

We are sending you this stocking. We filled it all ourselves for the black babies as a Christmas present from the little boy class at Raven Hill.

We wish you all a very Happy Christmas,

With love,
Jimmy Devereaux.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec. 30, 1935.

Dear Sister:—

Our mission unit is very grateful to you for the books and magazines you sent and they are going to be very busy studying all about Africa and the White Sisters.

God bless you.

Sincerely,

Sister M.A. . . .

SPIRITUAL BOUQUET

Masses	96
Holy Communions	54
Aspirations	1700

A little offering from the Salem Sunday School children, bringing with it our good wishes and prayers.

Sister D

FROM A MITE TO A CHALICE

Please save your old silver or golden jewelry, relics and trinkets which are hoarded away and they shall be changed into a lovely chalice.

Your small sacrifice shall give you the grace to participate in the Sacrifice of all sacrifices -- the Mass.

CANCELLED STAMPS OF ALL KINDS

Tear them from your envelope with a little margin of the paper. As soon as you have a few pounds, mail them to:
WHITE SISTERS' CONVENT, 319 Middlesex Ave., Metuchen, N. J.

OBITUARY

Please pray for the repose of the souls of:

Rev. E. Stephant, W. F., Rev. Brother C. Waal, Sister Alphonse de Ligouri, W. S., Sr. Marie Vincent de Paul W. S., Sr. Marie St. Michel, W. S., in their respective missions, Africa.

Sr. Marguerite de Chantal, Sister of the Visitation, Riverdale, N. Y.

Mr. Patrick Holloran, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. W. Gaudett, Plaistow, N. H.

